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CAUTION!

A bold fraud, who signs himself "Slater" and who is collecting subscriptions to this paper in the South and West, is a knave and thief, and should be at once handed over to the authorities.

RICHARD K. FOX.

A FRANK CONFESSION.

The most faithful and the most intelligent defender of Pat Seedy and the ex-champion has been Mr. McCormick, the well-known "Macon" of the *Sun*. "Macon" for weeks took every opportunity to deride Kilrain's claim to the championship, and turned every energy to the work of belittling the international contest just arranged by Richard K. Fox.

But Seedy's ostrich policy has disgusted even "Macon," who thus alludes, in the *Sun*, to the inglorious collapse to which the ex-banker from Chicago has reduced his man:

I believe it is generally conceded that one of the most characteristic traits of a mule is his fixity of purpose, more commonly known as stubbornness. People who are not mules seldom hesitate to acknowledge an error. Some weeks ago there were a good many doubts as to the legitimacy of Jake Kilrain's claim to the championship of America, but since last week they have been dissipated. On Monday night, in the Boston Theatre, in the presence of some 3,000 of his admiring townsmen, John L. Sullivan was presented with a beautiful gold belt, plentifully studded with diamonds and handsomely wrought and engraved. He accepted it in a speech that was evidently carefully prepared beforehand, but which contained not a single clue to his future intentions as a pugilist. I was very much surprised at this, for only a week before his manager, Pat Sheedy, told me that he was satisfied that John's left arm was now as strong as it was before it was broken, and that upon arriving in England early in the fall Sullivan would challenge the winner of the Smith-Kilrain fight, and make the terms of the challenge so complaisant that there would be no escape from a fight except by a complete back down and surrender of the title by the victor. If such is Sullivan's intention, why did he not avow it when his loins were encircled with the valuable and glittering symbol of pugilistic superiority? Why did he not, in returning thanks for the gift, say: "Now, gentlemen, it has for several years been my intention to retire from the ring. Last spring in an encounter I was so unfortunate as to break my left arm. It did not mend as rapidly as I and my physicians thought it would. While crippled, I was challenged by a man who would never meet me, and never talk of meeting me, before my accident. In a moment of anger I made him a present of the championship of America. He has since made a match with Jim Smith, the champion of England, for the championship of the world. As an American, who is of the same stock as Kilrain, I wish him success in that match, but I also here serve notice on him that, should he be successful, I accept the challenge he flaunted at me while I was disabled, and I will meet him for the championship of the world for any sum from \$1 to \$5,000 a side. Should he be so unfortunate as to be defeated by Smith, I will meet his conqueror on as favorable terms, and I pledge my word that I will do all in my power to convince him that I and I alone, am the real champion of America."

I think if John had spoken in this vein the walls of old Drury would have shaken with applause as they never have yet shaken, and that the wind would have been taken out of Kilrain's sails as completely, almost, as though they had been blanketed by defeat. But no, the big fellow let his splendid chance, like a sunbeam, pass him by. He did not even dispute Kilrain's title, so now there is no longer a cloud upon it. I am sorry that this is so. Not that I have the slightest particle of opposition to Kilrain. I have not, and my relations with him are of the pleasantest character, but I believe that Sullivan is the phenomenal pugilist of the world. I think that he is to the ring what Eclipse was to the turf, and I feel sorry that by his silence on the subject I have mentioned he virtually admits that his day has gone by. When Hanover's great career was blighted by defeat I felt a pang of pain, and as I was among the first to recognize and develop Sullivan's surpassing pugilistic powers, I feel sad to see him thus, even though only tacitly, admitting their wane.

EXTRA WORST YET!!

All the Historic
Horrors of Rail-
road Slaughter
Outdone.

AWFUL TRAGEDY.

Nearly Two Hundred Hu-
man Beings Wiped
Out of Existence.

BLOODY CHATSWORTH.

A Village Whose
Gutters Run
With Gore.

A BLAZING BRIDGE

Gives Way Under a Loaded Excursion
Train, and Men, Women and
Children Perish.

A HEART-FREEZING HORROR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 11, 1887.—The *Chicago Times* special from Forest, Ill., says: All the railway horrors in the history of this country were surpassed three miles east of Chatsworth, Ill., the night of Aug. 10, when an excursion train on the Toledo, Peoria and Western road dropped through a burning bridge and over one hundred people were killed and four times that number were more or less badly injured.

The train was composed of six sleeping cars, six day coaches and chair cars and three baggage. It was carrying 600 passengers, all excursionists, and was bound for Niagara Falls. The train had been made up all along the line of the Toledo, Peoria and Western road, and the excursionists hailed from various points in Central Illinois, the bulk of them, however, coming from Peoria. Some of the passengers came from Canton, El Paso, Washington, and, in fact, all stations along the line, some from as far West as Burlington and Keokuk, Iowa. A special and cheap rate had been made for the excursion and all sorts of people took advantage of it.

When the train drew out of Peoria at 8 o'clock last evening it was loaded to its utmost capacity. Every berth in the six sleepers was taken and the day cars carried sixty people each. The train was so heavy that two engines were hitched to it, and when it passed this place it was an hour and a half behind time. Chatsworth, the next station east of here, is six miles off, and the run there was made in seven minutes, so the terrible momentum of those fifteen coaches and two engines shooting along at the rate of a mile a minute can be understood.

No stop was made at Chatsworth. On the heavy train with its living freight sped through the darkness of the night.

Three miles east of Chatsworth is a little slough, and where the railroad crosses a dry run about ten feet deep and fifteen feet wide. Over this was stretched an ordinary wooden trestle bridge, and as the excursion train came thundering down on it what was the horror of the engineer on the front engine when he saw that this bridge was on fire!

Right up before his eyes leaped the bright flames, and the next instant he was in the fiery furnace.

There was no chance to stop. Had there been warning half a mile would have been needed to stop that on-rushing mass of wood, iron and human lives, and the train was within 100 yards of the red-tongued messenger of death before the fatal signal flashed into the engineer's face. But he passed over in safety, the first engine keeping the rails.

As it went over the bridge fell beneath it, and it could only have been the terrific speed of the train which saved the lives of the engineer and his fireman.

The next engine went down, and instantly the deed of death was done. Car crashed into car, coaches piled one on top of another, and in the twinkling of an eye nearly one hundred people found instant death and fifty more were so hurt they could not live. As for the wounded, they were everywhere.

Only the sleeping coaches escaped, and as the startled and half-dressed passengers came tumbling out of them they found a scene of horrid death, and such work to do that it seemed as if human hands were utterly incapable. It lacked but five minutes of midnight.

Down in the ditch lay the second engineer, McClintock, dead, and Fireman Applegate, badly injured. On top were piled the three baggage cars one on top of another, like a child's card house after he had swept it down with his hand. Then came the six day coaches. They were telescoped as cars never were before, and three of them were pressed into just space enough for one. The second car had mounted off its trucks, crashed through the car ahead of it and crushed the woodwork aside like tinder. It lay there resting on the tops of the seats, while every passenger in the front car was lying dead and dying underneath. Out of that car but four people came alive.

On top of the second car lay the third, and its bottom was smeared with the blood of its victims. The other three cars were not so badly crushed, but they were broken and twisted in every conceivable way, and every splintered timber and beam represented a crushed human frame and a broken bone.

Instantly the air was filled with the cries of the wounded and the shrieks of the dying. The groans of men and the screams of women united to make an appalling sound, and above all could be heard the agonizing cries of little children who lay pinned alongside their dead parents.

And there was another terrible danger yet to be met. The bridge was still on fire and the wrecked cars were lying on and around the fiercely burning embers. Everywhere in the wreck were wounded and unhurt men, women and children, whose lives could be saved if they could be gotten out, but whose death—and death in a most horrible form—was certain if the twisted wood of the broken cars caught fire.

To fight the fire there was not a drop of water and only some fifty able-bodied men who still had presence of mind and nerve enough to do their duty. The only light was the light of the burning bridge. And with so much of its aid the fifty men went to work to fight the flames.

For four hours they fought like fiends and for four hours the victory hung in the balance.

Earth was the only weapon with which the foe could be fought, and so the attempt was made to smother it out. There was no pick or shovel to dig it up, no baskets or barrows to carry it, and so desperate were they that they dug their fingers down into the earth, which a long drought had baked almost as hard as stone, and heaped the precious handfuls thus hardly won upon the encroaching flames, and with this earthwork, built handful by handful, kept back the foe. While this was going on, other brave men crept underneath the wrecked cars, beneath the fire and the wooden bar which held as prisoners so many precious lives, and with pieces of board and sometimes their hands beat back the flames when they beat up alongside some unfortunate wretch who, pinned down by a heavy beam, looked on helplessly while it seemed as if death by fire was certain. While the fight against the creeping flames was going on the ears of the workers were filled with the groans of dying men, the anguished entreaties of those whose death seemed certain, unless the terrible blaze could be extinguished, and the cries of those too badly hurt to care in what manner the end were brought about if only it would be quick.

So they dug up the earth with their hands, reckless of the blood streaming out from broken finger nails, and heaping it up in little mounds, while all the while came the heart-rending cry, "For God's sake don't let us burn to death."

Finally the victory was won. The fire was put out after four hours of endeavor, and as its last sparks died away the light came up in the east and dawn came upon a scene of horror.

BRINGING OUT THE DEAD BODIES.

While the fight had been going on men had been dying, and there were not so many wounded to take out of the wreck as there had been four hours before. But in the meantime the country had been aroused; help had come from Chatsworth, Forest and Piper City, and as the dead were laid reverently alongside of each other, out in the corn field there were ready hands to take them into Chatsworth, while some of the wounded were carried to Piper City.

One hundred and eighteen was the awful count of the dead, while the wounded number four times that many. The full tale of the dead cannot, however, be told yet for days.

Chatsworth is turned into a morgue. The town hall, the engine house, the depot, are all full of dead bodies, while every house in the little village has its quota of the wounded. There are over one hundred corpses lying in the exterminated dead houses, and every man and woman has become a zealous nurse. Over in the lumber yard the noise of hammers and saws rang out in the air, and busy carpenters were making rough coffins to carry to their homes the dead bodies of the excursionists, who twelve hours before had left them full of pleasurable expectations of the enjoyment they were to have during the vacation now begun.

PHYSICIANS SPEED TO THE SCENE.

When the news of the disaster was first flashed over the wires, prompt aid was at once sent. Dr. Steele, chief surgeon of the Toledo, Peoria and Western road, came on a special train, and with him were two other surgeons and their assistants. From Peoria also came Drs. Martin, Baker, Flueger and Johnson, and from every city whence the unfortunate excursionists had come their physicians and friends hurried on to help

them. From Peoria had also come delegations of the Red Men and the Ancient Order of United Workmen, numbers of both societies being on the ill-fated train, and so after eight o'clock in the morning there were plenty of people to do the work that needed such prompt attention.

In the Town Hall is the main hospital, and in it anxious relatives and sorrowing friends are sitting and fanning gently the sufferers' faces. They helped the attending surgeons as they bound up the wounds, and insisted that there must be hope.

Down in the deadhouses fathers, husbands, brothers, sisters, wives and children tearfully inspected each face as it was uncovered, and sighed as the features were unknown, or cried out in anguish when the well known face, sometimes fearfully mangled, but still recognizable, was uncovered.

The entire capacity of the little village was taxed, and kind-hearted women drove in from miles to give their gentle ministrations to the sufferers.

MEN WORSE THAN GHOULS.

No sooner had the wreck occurred than a scene of robbery commenced. Some band of abominable, heartless miscreants was on hand, and like the guerrillas who throng a battlefield the night after the conflict and nich from the dead the money which they received for their meagre pay, stealing even the bronze medals and robbing from the children of heroes the other worthless emblems of their father's bravery, so last night did these human hyenas plunder the dead from this terrible accident and take even the shoes which covered their feet.

Who these wretches are is not now known. Whether they were a band of pickpockets who accompanied the train or some robber gang who were lurking in the vicinity cannot be said.

WAS IT THEIR DEVILISH ACT?

The horrible suspicion, however, exists, and there are many who give it credit, that the accident was a deliberately planned case of train wrecking: that the bridge was set on fire by miscreants who hoped to seize the opportunity offered, and the fact that the bridge was so far consumed at the time the train came along, and the added fact that the train was an hour and a half late, are pointed out as evidence of a careful conspiracy. It seems hardly possible that man could be so lost to all the ordinary feeling which animates the basest of the human race, but still men who will rob dead men, who will steal from the dying and will plunder the wounded, held down by the broken beams of a wrecked car, wounded whose death by fire seemed imminent, can do almost anything which is base; and that is what these human fiends did.

They went into the cars when the fire was burning fiercely underneath, and when the poor wretches who were pinned there begged them "for God's sake to help them out," stripped them of their watches and jewelry and searched their pockets for money.

When the dead bodies were laid out in the corn fields these hyenas turned them over in their search for valuables, and that the plundering was done by an organized gang was proven by the fact that this morning out in the corn field sixteen purses, all empty, were found in one heap.

It was a ghastly plundering, and had the plunderers been caught this afternoon they would surely have been lynched.

HOW THE TRAIN MET DEATH.

The train was composed of a baggage car, next the private car of E. N. Armstrong, superintendent of the road, then six day coaches, two chair cars and six Pullman coaches. The train was in charge of Conductor John Stillwell, of Peoria.

For several days there have been fires along the line of the road all the way across the State. The fire had last evening caught to the timbers supporting the track across a small stream a little over two miles east of Chatsworth. The stream is a mere run across which a boy could jump, but there is now no water in it. The timbers had all been burned away before the excursion train approached. From Chatsworth to the scene of the disaster there is a steady down grade. The train pulled out of Chatsworth at 11:42 P. M. Several passengers say that when it approached the bridge the train was going at a high rate of speed, estimated by several persons at forty miles an hour, the road almost a bee-line, and there were no known obstructions.

The forward engine, No. 21, in charge of Engineer Dave Sutherland, crossed the treacherous bridge, its tender went through: as it dropped it broke from its engine, and the locomotive sped away down the track. The second engine, No. 13, in charge of Engineer Ed. McClintock, of Peoria, and Fireman Axel Applegate, plunged headlong in the break and bounded into the ditch by the roadside, falling upon its side. The cars following crashed together into one terrible mass, their trucks and wheels were jammed into a mass in the gully and into the bank on the opposite side. The bodies of the cars went over the break and were piled up in splintered ruins for some one hundred feet along the track and in the ditches on either side of the embankment, several of them sprang into the air and fell at one side or the other with their sides or top. Several of the passenger coaches were splintered like paper boxes and were so telescoped into each other that one car could not be distinguished from another. The baggage car, Armstrong's car and the eight passenger coaches were torn to pieces. The first Pullman coach, the Tunis, stopped right at the edge of the break and her forward truck went half way into the gully. The front of this car was broken, but none of the five Pullman cars following were injured.

No person was hurt in any of the six sleeping cars. Engineer McClintock, of the second engine, was instantly killed. His head and chest were crushed to a pulp and his brains scattered upon the grass. He leaves a wife and three children. His fireman, Applegate, jumped from the cab the instant he felt the jar. He fell into a ditch and rolled over out of danger, only his right hand was bruised. In the fall he says that he hardly knows whether he jumped or fell.

The baggage-car was telescoped by the car of Superintendent Armstrong, which strangely received less injury than any of the day coaches. The baggage was scattered far and wide, and the superintendent's car was thrown right across the track, with one end in the ditch. It was occupied by Armstrong, by the wife and daughter of H. G. Gould, the general freight and passenger agent, and by the wife of Train Despatcher Parker, of Peoria. None of these four were seriously injured. Armstrong was thrown from the car through the end torn out, and fell on his face, which was badly scratched. The women were in bed and were bruised only.

Hardly any one of the passengers in the day coaches escaped without injury. Nearly seventy were killed outright. A sight of the horrible confusion of the wreck causes one to wonder that any person could have got out alive. Nearly all the occupants of these fatefated coaches were asleep or trying to sleep, and were stretched out in all sorts of positions on the seats,

